

PLEASANT^A DIALOGUE

Between

the KING, the Miller, the Shepheard,
and the Woodman, at White-hall.

I Will not sing of *Cromwells* Clogs,
Nor shall the fight of *Mice*, or *Frogs*,
Be subject of my Muse,
No Rescue of a Lady fine
Shall trouble any Muse of mine,
He no such thing rehearse.
But my inspired Muse shall sing,
Of things belonging to our KING,
How heavens once pleased was,
Him to deliver from his foe,
Which fought his death and overthrow,
And brought strange things to pass,
When from that fatal *Worster* field,
He driven was, and forced to yield,
And save himself by flight,
How he by faithful Brothers five,
Preserved was and kept alive,
Is that of which I write.
And of the prattle that did pass,
Since He to Us restored was,
And to His *Right and Crown* :
Between some Rusticks and His Grace,
How he was forc'd from place to place,
And posted up and down,
Of their fidelity and care,
And how they did no labour spare,
All dangers to prevent,
Which might His Majesty annoy,
Or with disturbances destroy,
And rob him of content.
So soon as ever the report,
Was the Kings friends were come to Court,
To th' presence of the King,
Without delay access they had,
And Him to see they were right glad,
He was a welcome thing.
To th' Miller then the King did say,
How hast thou done this many a day,
And all thy brothers too,
And *Joan* thy Wife, how doth she fare?
With *Dick Creswel* whose loving care,
Did furnish me with shoes.
Mil. He answered, I thank your Grace,
They all are well, and in this place,
Attend your Royal Will,
Whose loyal hearts are all on fire,
Till you they see whom they desire,
Tis you their wishes fill.
Go call them in the King then said,
He how long since we were dismayd,
And dangers past shall tell,
What in Our travels did befall,
When all Our pleasures seem'd like Call,
I will please Us wondrous well.

Sheph. God bless your Royal Majesty,
Whom I long time have wish'd to see,
And this your glorious throng:
Y'are better seated now by far,
In better case then when you were,
At *Woolladies* by Tong.
Where I your *Scout* was forc'd to play,
And watchful be both Night and day,
Your person to secure:
I hope I did a faithful part
Perform, with loyalty of heart,
And did my dutie sure.
Woodm. When a false entrance I obtaind,
And ore my head the house had gaind,
Where then your Highness lay,
Squire Gifford gave me straight command,
That with all speed and out of hand,
I fetch my best array,
My *Jump* and *Breeches* were both green,
Of Cloth which my own Wife did spin,
My doublet of Dogskin,
You lookt as if your Royal Grace,
Thus clad in my poor homely case,
A Forrester had been.
Mil. The Hat dread Sir, you had of me,
It did well fit Your Majesty,
It turned up at brim,
The *Shirt Ned Martin* did you lend,
And for a *Band George* was your friend,
They made you wondrous trim.
The Coat you wore before was Buffe,
Your Doublet of white Linnen Stuffe,
Your Hose of Cloth that's Gray,
These we did hide within the ground,
Lest if they were by any found,
They might our trust betray.
King. But tell me now without more strife
When *Wilnot* had done with his Knife,
Who was't reduc'd my Hair?
Which of you was't did me Barb
And put me in so neat a garb,
By Art beyond compare?
Sheph. I with my Shears your Hair did nip
Wherewith my flock I use to clip,
And plaid the Barbers part:
Whereby my aim was then to show,
How much unto your Grace I owe,
Of dutie, not of Art.
Woodm. When I a Bill had given your
A weapon fitting for that place, (Grace,
We to the Woods did go:
Where *George* and *Humphry* plaid the Scouts,
To search out all the dangerous doubts,
Of an appearing foe.

King. And when the day was well nigh
Stout *Dick* unto thy house we went, (spent
With honest *Francis Yater*.
Mil. There unto you then was dispos'd,
A Phraise of Bacon and Eggs compos'd,
Good Cheer (in such a State.)
By Walls Wood-ladder you climb'd the Oke,
Where to avoid curst Fortunes stroke,
Your Person you did hide:
When Nature did her kindness show,
Whereby the Leaves so thick did grow,
You could not be esp'd.
When you were hungry in the Oke,
Carle had stor'd up in his poke,
A hump of Cheese and Bread,
Which he from *Penidris* Wife away,
For his Provant had got that day,
On which you stoutly fed.
Woodm. Sir as I wandred up and down
For News, and travest many a Town,
A sad report I found,
That he, who where you were could tell,
And you into their hands would sell,
Should have a Thousand pound.
When I to You this News had told,
And all the business did unfold,
It rais'd a jealousy:
Thinking that such poor Clowns as we,
By such great sums might purchast be,
To base disloyaltye,
Which much sad discontent did bring,
And pierc'd as deep as any sting,
Into my loyal breast:
It did my quiet so dismay,
That for awhile, nor night nor day,
My heart could take its rest.
Sheph. When you for travel fitted were,
To Mrs. *Lane* I course did steer,
As if I Ayr had been:
Some Walnut leaves I brought away,
Which did deface and take away,
The whiteness of your Skin.
And as I now do well remember,
About the eleventh day of September,
Met *Lane* and sister too:
Where you were mounted up behinde,
The Mirror of her Sex and kinde,
Your Journey forth to go.
And so the King the Brothers five,
(Who all things did so well contrive,
Discourse now being ended :)
Till other Order he could take,
Or real satisfaction make,
To *Ormonds* Earl commended.